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THE BYSTANDER
April 3, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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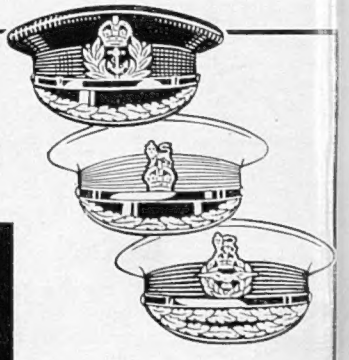

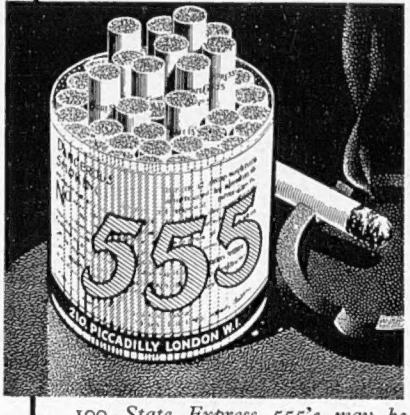

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The Bystander

Queen Elizabeth Knits for the Troops

Flora Robson has recently been in Hollywood, playing Queen Elizabeth for Warners' *The Sea Hawk*, and in between the spasms of shooting she knitted helmets for the R.A.F. Comforts Depot in Berkeley Square, London. Warners have evidently got an Elizabethan craze: they have only recently sent to London their *Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex*, with Bette Davis as the Queen. Elizabeth was nothing new for Miss Robson either; she was cast in that role three years ago in Korda's *Fire Over England*. Now she is starring in the English thriller, *Ladies in Retirement*, at the Henry Miller Theatre in New York

***Another Professor** is now Member of the House of Commons—Professor Craik Henderson, whose speciality is mercantile law at Glasgow University. He won the Leeds by-election against a Fascist candidate, who only got 722 votes and who refused to shake hands with his opponent after the count. The Professor followed tradition by shaking hands with the House of Commons policeman when he took his seat*

***Son** of a famous father is Major Duncan McCallum, National candidate in the Argyll by-election, son of Charles Coburn, who sang "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." Major McCullum arrived back from Egypt, where he was Hon. Attaché at the Embassy, less than a fortnight before polling day (April 10th). He and his opponent, a Scottish Nationalist, had to obtain permits to enter their constituency in the restricted areas of Scotland*

***Stamps** were discussed by Captain Charles Waterhouse, Assistant Postmaster-General, and M. Jules Julien, French Minister for Posts, Telephones and Telegraphs, when the latter visited London just before Easter. The result of their deliberations may be an Anglo-French stamp as a symbol of Anglo-French unity. M. Julien has been retained in his post in M. Reynaud's new Ministry*

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

In the debate on the Government's actions in the Russo-Finnish war, one speech stood out far above all the rest. Mr. Harold Macmillan, the Conservative Member for Stockton-on-Tees, had just come back from Finland, and authoritatively and inexorably he blew sky-high the Prime Minister's claim that, so far as arms were concerned, "no appeal remained unanswered." The facts, figures and dates quoted by Mr. Macmillan were the only things which remained unanswered.

Incidentally, Mr. Macmillan brought out a point in connection with our despatch of arms to Finland which, so far as I know, had not been mentioned in the Press, and, so far as I know, still has not been mentioned. Except for certain aeroplanes, every single weapon we sent was on a commercial basis. They were not given. They were sold either for cash or under the Export Credits Scheme—that is to say, 15 per cent. in cash on delivery, and the rest in bills over a period of years carrying an interest of 4 per cent.

I wish to lodge my most vehement protest against the use of the words "revenge" and "reprisal" to describe the bombing of Sylt and the successful ambush in No-Man's Land last week. Are we to sit down for ever and do nothing until the Huns do something? Is the initiative to remain always with them? If it is so advantageous to bomb Sylt on a Monday, what is wrong with Tuesday, Wednesday, and the rest of them? Mr. Vernon Bartlett, M.P., has described how he went three and a half miles in front of the French line to an advanced post, and found that the men had orders not to fire except in moments of great danger.

An ingenious triangular circumvention of the blockade is going on between Germany, Spain and Sweden. During the Spanish Civil War, Germany sold munitions to General Franco, and accumulated a considerable peseta balance. The triangle works as follows: (i) Sweden is now buying raw materials from Spain. (ii) Germany is buying iron-ore from Sweden. (iii) Everything is paid for by a simple transfer of German pesetas to Spain.

Things that puzzle the layman whose only concern is to win the war: why, if petrol is short and the railways congested, the canals are not being used; why, if railways are congested, bricks for camp-building are being carried from Somerset to the Midlands; why a rolling-mill belonging to Richard Thomas and Co. has had to close down for lack of steel, while a huge new cinema (the fourth) is being built in a certain large town and its owner is openly boasting of the amount of steel being used; why, at a time when we are grabbing every bit of steel and scrap-iron that we can, Australia should be exporting thousands of tons every month to Japan? Australia's men come to fight for the Empire and Freedom. Australia's iron and steel goes to the Eastern champion of aggression and totalitarianism.

Among the latest activities of the Boche is the landing of spies in Palestine from two ships which recently managed to dump several hundred illegal immigrants. Among the latest activities of the High Commission is the incarceration of some hundreds of these gentry in the cooler, sneezer, dungeon, oubliette, or what you will.

Vladivostok continues to be in the news. At one moment the United States are denouncing the Soviet with one tongue and selling them munitions with the other. At another moment Holland is anxiously standing to arms while the exports of rubber from the Dutch East Indies to Vladivostok continue to rise.

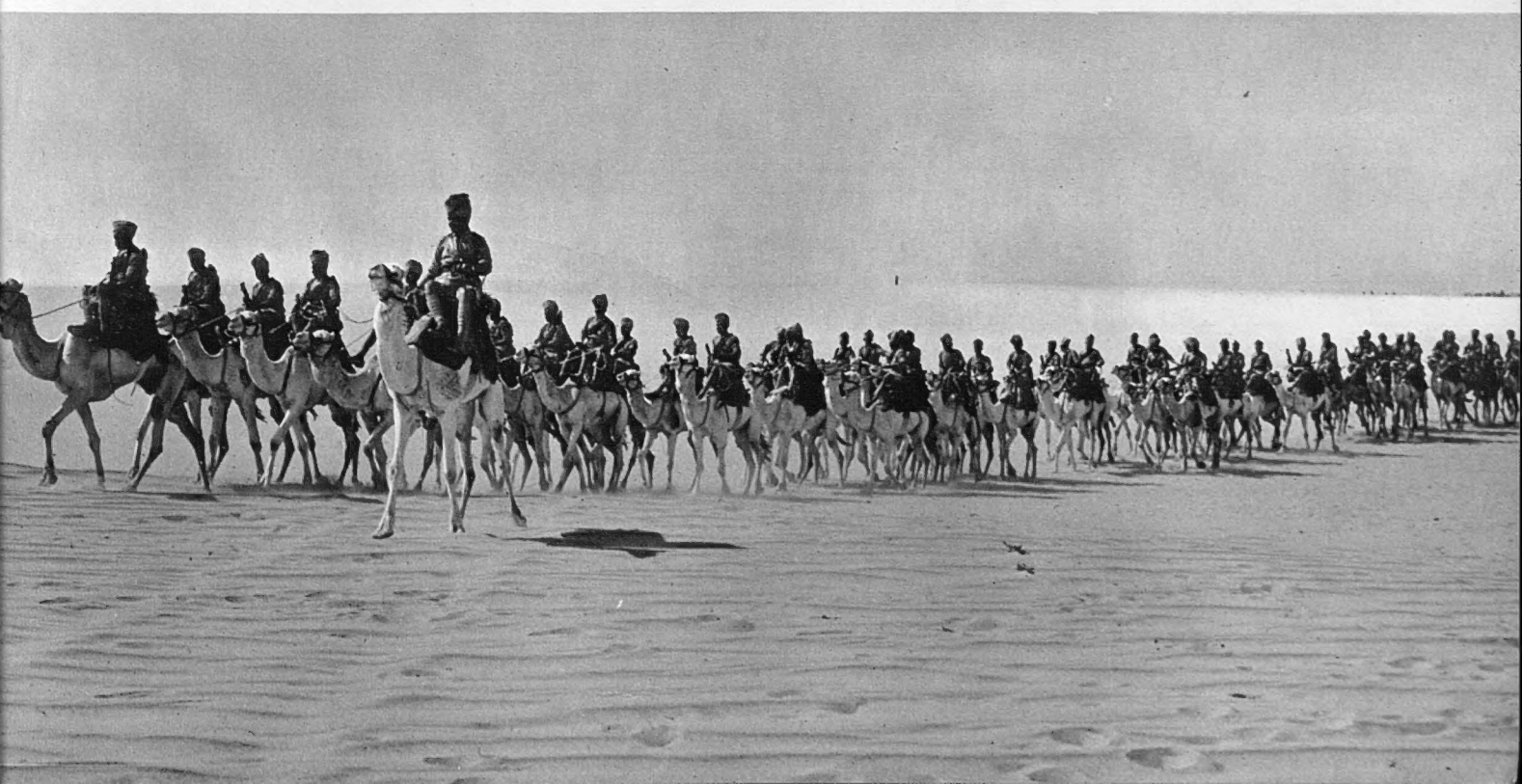
Commander King Hall, M.P., is anxious that *Hansard*, the official record of Parliamentary debates, should be reduced in price and given a larger circulation, and this seems to me to be an excellent idea. There is no longer enough space in the daily papers for adequate reports of the proceedings in Parliament. But the official view is that

(Concluded on page 4)

This convoy, somewhere in the North Sea, consists of twenty-four merchant vessels, mostly colliers plus attendant destroyers. Note the lifeboats ready for instant use. The convoy system is proving highly successful as was shown by figures published last week. No British or Allied ship was sunk during the week ending March 24th. No ship under the protection of a British convoy was sunk, but eight unconvoyed neutral boats went down. In the week ending March 20th, no ship was lost out of 857 convoyed, and of 13,673 British, Allied and neutral vessels convoyed up to that date, only 28 were sunk—a proportion of approximately 1 in 488

Ships of the Sea and Ships of the Desert

It seems a far cry from the North Sea to the Egyptian deserts but, while the convoys cross the seas, the Camel Corps cross the deserts, each actively engaged in wartime duties. The men in this picturesque corps are recruited from desert tribes and are mostly Sudanese. They patrol the frontiers and police the interior, moving more silently and swiftly than is possible with a mechanized unit over the vast seas of sand



The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 2)

a wider circulation of *Hansard* would give material to enemy propaganda. Of all grotesque rubbish this is the most grotesque. It implies that the parliamentary system is so rotten that it would give a big laugh to the dictator States to read its speeches. And if it is playing into the enemy's hands to have a big circulation, surely it is also playing into their hands to have even a limited circulation. One copy is all that Dr. Goebbels requires. This attitude is typical Civil Service twaddle. Either expand Hansard's circulation or suppress it altogether.

IF the Liberal and Labour Parties were to join the Government, the Opposition would then consist of the I.L.P. and the Communist Party. As the I.L.P. has four Members, and the Communist Party only one Member, then the former would become the official Opposition, and its leader, Mr. Maxton, would become entitled to the official salary of two thousand a year. This would be an enchanting situation.

IN these days of political crises in Paris I think that everyone ought to spend a sixpence on Mr. Somerset Maugham's booklet about France. It is only eighty pages or thereabouts, but it gives a description from the pen of a master of the essential France, and the quiet resolution of the French people that this is to be the last time, and that the job has got to be done once and for all. The booklet is on sale at all bookstalls, and there is no excuse for not buying it, and reading it several times.

AMONG the many authentic stories which are whizzing from mouth to mouth is the highly circumstantial one that the severe winter and the war-strain have caused a record number of deaths from 'flu and other illnesses. Actually this is pure bunk. The largest number of deaths from 'flu in any one week was 629, for the week ending February 24th. In 1933, the maximum was 1934, and in 1937 the maximum was 1155. And, roughly speaking, the same applies to other illnesses as well.

THERE is a capital new broadcaster on the short-wave length (51 metres at 10.30 p.m.), who proves conclusively every evening that the war is entirely due to International Finance and Continental Freemasonry. The fascinating thing about the station is that its signature tune is "Loch Lomond." Those bonnie, bonnie banks. Gaffer Reith thinks the station is about 100 miles from Berlin.

THE penalties for exceeding the twenty-mile speed-limit in built-up areas during the black-out renders a driver on a first conviction liable to a fine of a hundred pounds *and* three months' imprisonment. Under the Road Traffic Act, passed before the war, a driver convicted of dangerous driving was liable to a fifty-pound fine *or* four months' imprisonment, but not both. So the penalty for driving at twenty-two miles an hour in full moonlight in a deserted built-up area is a great deal heavier than driving wildly and recklessly at eighty miles an hour before sundown. This does not seem to me to be common sense.

THE death of Herbert Sidebotham removes the greatest journalist of our time. For many years "Sider" was the pattern and the example for all young journalists. He had immense knowledge, a judgment that was rarely at fault, an intense pride in his profession, an unequalled craftsmanship, and, perhaps best of all, an unfailing kindliness to younger men. No one ever went to "Sider" for help and advice without coming away a better and a wiser man.

I HEARD the other day of an Austrian who was taken to the gallery of the House of Commons. The House listened in dead silence to Mr. Churchill, Mr. Chamberlain, and other Ministers, and the stranger marvelled at British phlegm. Suddenly pyrotechnics blazed off. Shouts, cries, interruptions, excitement. The subject was the ear-marking of sheep.

THERE 's always something new in the world. Eight Elders of the State of Manya Krobo in the Gold Coast Colony, with four "electors" and a gent called Enoch Azu, have been convicted of "political" offences. The evidence against them was that they "played on the drums" in their own houses. I don't know about the political part, but in my opinion the conviction was justified.

THE high spot of my Easter week-end was in an ancient Norman church many miles from London. I was sitting in a pew marvelling at the arches, and regretting the sandbags which covered the Saxon crucifix and the Norman crucifix, when in crept three very small evacuee boys. They tip-toed round till they came on a piano (a wartime substitute for the organ) in the north transept. One of them stalked the piano like a hunter, and finally sneaked up to it and struck a tentative note. Instantly the other two fled, expecting a levinbolt, or, at any rate, an angry verger. But the musician stood his ground valiantly. He struck some more notes. No levinbolt, no verger. Soon the mighty arches were reverberating to an impromptu recital as the small, dirty fists hammered away joyously. I could have killed the smug, officious choir-boys who ultimately hove the diminutive pianist out.

***Tired** of what she calls "soured, historical roles," Bette Davis is determined her fans shall realise that she does, like other Hollywood beauties, possess legs (see them above) and gay feminine charm. So she may soon go into a musical or, if she gets her own way, a cowboy film. At present she can be seen in "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" (Warner Theatre), was also recently soured and historical in "Juarez," and soured without being historical in "The Old Maid"*

***Recruit** for the B.B.C.'s army of foreign broadcasters is Karl Stepanek, the Czechoslovak actor who till recently was one of Germany's favourite film and stage stars. He came to England when war began, spoke to Germany for the first time last Monday week about conditions in England, and is keeping track of Lord Haw-Haw's nonsense in order to reply to it from time to time for the B.B.C. Here he is with his ex-wife, Viennese actress Wanda Rotha, from whom he parted six years ago. They met again in London after his first broadcast*

A CORRECTION.

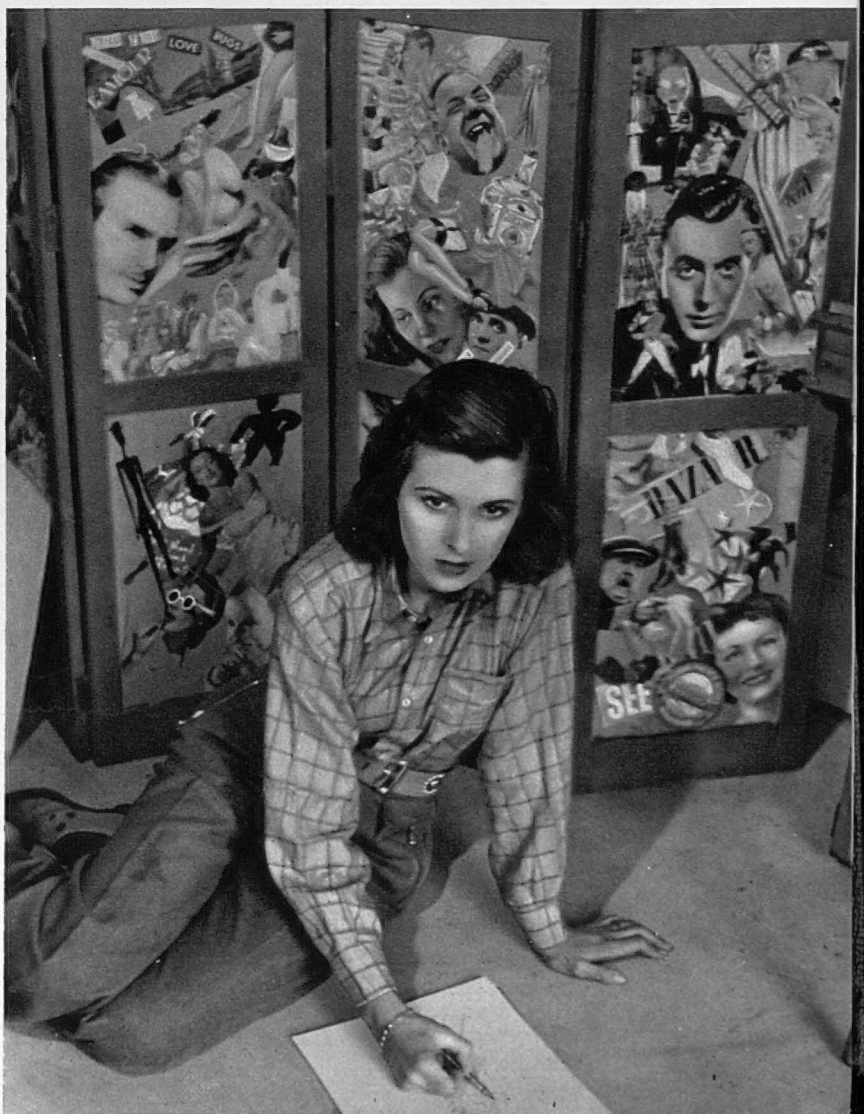
In our issue of March 27 we stated that Averil Mackenzie-Grieve was contributing editor of the Hungarian Quarterly. This was incorrect: Miss Mackenzie-Grieve is a contributor to this review, of which Dr. Joseph Balogh, of Budapest, is the editor, and Major Owen Rutter is the London editor. We much regret this mistake.

Young Artist

Lady Kinross Paints, Plays the Guitar, Makes Screens in Photo-Montage Style

Angela Kinross is having her first one-man show at a Bond Street gallery this month. The kind of thing she paints can be seen in the photograph above; the pictures grouped behind her and her guitar and the decanters and telephone books are some of her exhibits. The guitar she learnt to play after a visit to Spain. The screen on the right she made out of scraps and cuttings from illustrated magazines. She married Lord Kinross in 1938, after her first husband, artist John Churchill, had divorced her. She was formerly Angela Culme-Seymour, a cousin of Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, Bt. Lord Kinross, the former Patrick Balfour, succeeded his father as third baron last year. He is the author of several books, two of them travel ones, and was special correspondent in Abyssinia for a London newspaper during the Italian invasion. He and his wife live in Warwick Avenue, W.2. Another artist, Roland Pym, has contributed a mural painting to the decoration of Lady Kinross's studio there

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Pilot No. 1, *Lieut.-Colonel Moore-Brabazon, M.P., has just been allotted the appropriate number, FLY 1, for his new car, with which he and his wife and two dogs were photographed. It is just over thirty years since Colonel Moore-Brabazon was granted the Royal Aero Club's No. 1 certificate for pilots*

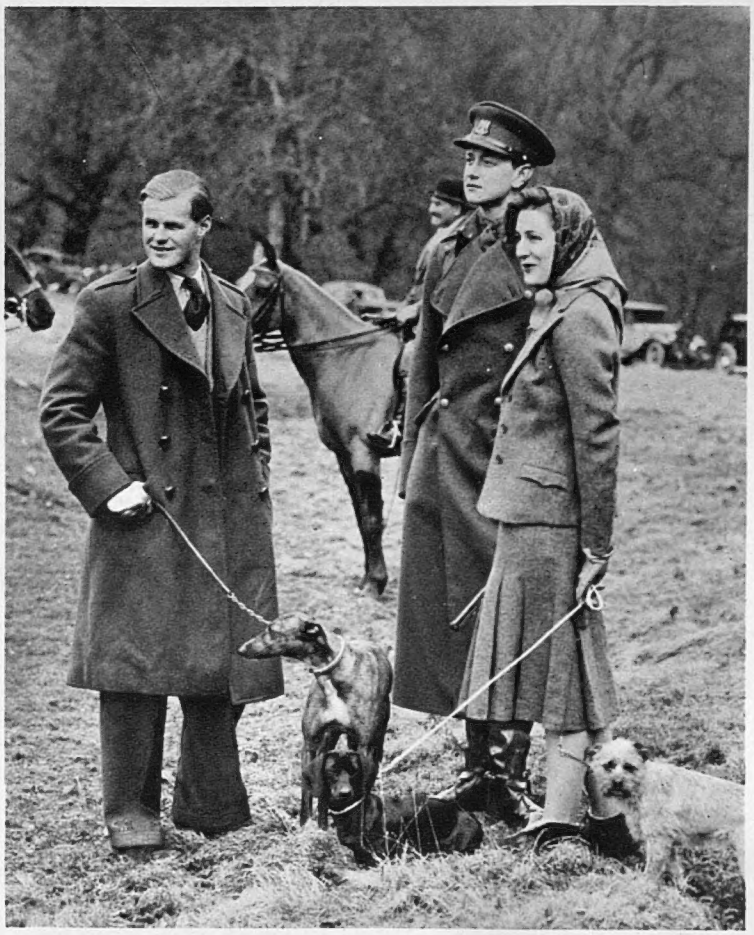
Cyclist No. 1 *of the moment is undoubtedly Jack ("Mind My Bike") Warner, the broadcasting comedian who has an astonishing knack of sending catchwords like his "bike-stripe" and "blue pencil" ones flying like wild-fire round the country. He really does cycle, wears trouser-clips, and blows up his own tyres before he sets out*

People Out of Doors

Greyhound racing *devotees (in crowds) saw a dog called Junior Classic win the Wembley Spring Cup on Easter Monday. Afterwards they watched Lord Denman, chairman of the National Greyhound Board of Control, present the cup to the dog's owner. Mr. J. J. Cleaver had trouble with his hat when he wanted both hands to receive the cup and Lord Denman's congratulations*

Tennis matches *for the Red Cross will soon be keeping Kay Stammers busy; meantime she is playing a lot of golf at Frinton. She is now Mrs. Michael Menzies in private life; her husband, whom she married in January, is in the Welsh Guards*

***First race** of the flat season was won by Samory, ridden by D. Marks and trained by Mr. W. Jarvis, the King's trainer (above). The three-year-old which beat Blazing Star (owned by the Duke of Norfolk and trained by the Duchess) belonged to M. E. de St. Alary, was bought after the race at Hurst Park by Mr. E. Strong*



***On foot** at the Buccleuch meet at Harden Geen, near Hawick, were Mr. Farrell, Second-Lieut. John Warrender and Lady Bridget Elliot, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Minto. John Warrender, nineteen this year, is the eldest son of Sir Victor Warrender, Financial Secretary to the War Office*

***Flat-racing** at Hurst Park were Miss Katharine Clifton Brown and Captain Lord Amherst of Hackney, who is in the Blues. She is his sister-in-law: he married Margaret Clifton Brown, youngest daughter of Brig.-General H. Clifton Brown, M.P., after a five-day engagement, during the second week of the war*

***Cricketer** Walter Hammond, England and Gloucestershire captain, is now an R.A.F. officer. He was talking to two friends on Easter Monday at Hurst Park, where the flat-racing season began — the first time for twenty-seven years that the season under the Rules of Racing had not opened with the Lincoln Meeting*

***Owner** who was at his last race-meeting before going overseas was Private Gordon Roll at Gatwick, here talking to his trainer, Lieut. Fulke Walwyn, just before his horse, Prince of Arran, ran in the Brook Steeplechase. He had two more horses entered on the second day of the meeting, but neither ran*

Stars in the Snow: a Californian Snapshot

Tyrone Power and wife Annabella with John Loder and wife Micheline Cheirel, spent Easter in the log cabin they share at Big Bear, in Southern California. The Loders are keen winter-sporters and were at Mégève last year with Danielle Darrieux, godmother of their daughter, who is nearly two. John Loder appeared recently in *The Silent Battle*, and Tyrone Power's latest offering was as the Hindu doctor, Major Rama Sufti, in Louis Bromfield's *The Rains Came*. Power was voted second of America's box-office winners for 1939. Their two attractive French wives are stars in their own right. Micheline Cheirel was on the French stage, and Annabella went to Hollywood via Denham. The cameras suggest a busman's second honeymoon

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

Three Revues

REVUE after revue after revue. Of which this week three. First, *Moonshine*, Archie de Bear's inoffensive pocket (let us hope not out-of-pocket) offering at the Vaudeville. " Don't Sing a Song About the War," a good number, invites us to forget there 's a war on. But so mild is the entertainment that sometimes we almost forget there 's a show on. Memories of Old Hit Numbers (as in *Lights Up !* and *Funny Side Up*). A sea-shanty about a bumboat man. A skit on (or is it just a pale reflection of ?) *The Beggar's Opera*. A serious recitation urging that rich and poor, good and bad, black and white, we 're fundamentally the same because " We grow the same roses after all." Enid Stamp-Taylor as commère struggles with some of the saddest puns ever repeated in the Strand. We know that Eric Anderson is clever. We discover that Sylvia Marriott is charming. There 's a bright number about a couple of Olde Englyshe Tea-Shoppe Gyrles. Altogether, a clean, feeble show, and short measure.

NEXT, at the Duchess, Ronald Frankau, never my personal cup of tea. He has a way of making even flowers seem improper. He is, however, professional, adroit and fecund. *Beyond Compère* starts with a song in which we are told that " No nudes is good news." The best thing in Part One is a monologue by Ted Ray, who, with his chin and his violin, might be described as a cross between Jack Hulbert and Vic Oliver. Part Two includes an amusing eccentric dance by Thomas Godfrey and the makings of an excellent number about an actress in rep for Renee Roberts. This show is slicker than *Moonshine* and betrays no yearnings after beauty that are not purely physical. Which, in some ways, is a relief, and in others, not.

LESS intimate and more conventionally peppy is *Come Out to Play*, which brings, and is brought by, Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale to the Phœnix. Jessie imitates imitators imitating her brilliantly enough to take all the wind out of their sails. Sonnie as a red-nosed comedian brings the house down, and would have been a riot even at the Tivoli in its heyday. For hard work they would be hard to beat, Sonnie appearing in short sketch after short sketch and compère-ing everything else in a cavalcade of dressing-gowns, Jessie now floating around in dance after dance, now grappling with comedy, and now dipping into the macabre as a half-caste girl who informs us that " In the incense You lose even sin-sense." Again, Memories of Old Hit Numbers (as in *Lights Up !* and *Funny Side Up* and *Moonshine*). A little less of everything, including dancing, snap-sketches and inconsiderate colour-schemes, would improve this entertainment enormously. A bright burlesque of wartime radio needs only the removal of the concluding skit on *Rigoletto* to make it first-class. Perhaps the best item in a mainly mediocre medley is the Scottish dance which opens the second part and is quite infectious.

Little girl whose daddy wouldn't buy her a bow-wow

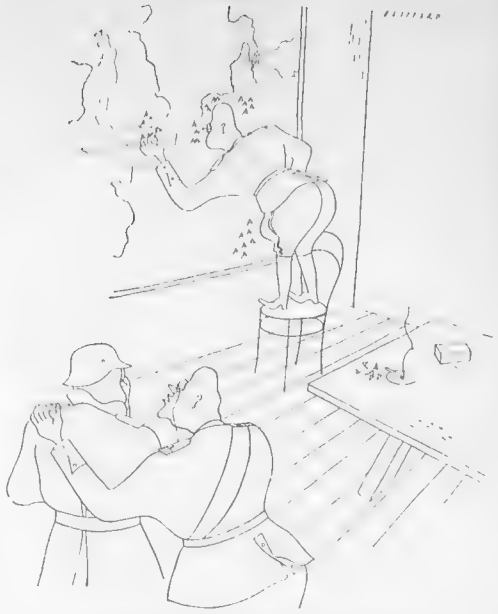
Victorian memories by Mr. and Mrs. (née Jessie Matthews) Sonnie Hale

Sketch by Rouson

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I think Hans must be cheating"

SOME of Fleet Street's amateur military prophets, bonzes and soothsayers are having such a poor time at the moment—we observe that one of the most boosted of them is having his Spanish War forecasts quoted against him, which seems a trifle unkind—that we wonder no daily paper has yet suggested mobilising all the astrologers and attaching them to G.H.Q. Here, with that poise and aplomb which never desert the little friends of the stars, however many times a month they come a purler, they could scan the heavens and prophesy till they were blue in the face. And if we nominate our own favourite Press astrologer for the honorary Colonelcy of the Royal Astral Observers' Corps, it 's because he gives out the stuff each Sunday not only with appreciably more zing and drive than his confrères, but with more precision. (*" Good news for Britain to-morrow. Not so good news on Tuesday. Great events, probably involving Finland, Poland, Turkey, Ireland and Near East, about Wednesday. Possibility of war in earnest in areas mentioned, about Thursday."*—All wrong.) Assisted by two or three certified augurs with honorary majors' rank, who would carefully observe the flight of birds and announce future events by inspecting the gizzards of dead hens, this warlock could tip-off Gamelin and Gort very nicely week by week, we think. And maybe, when the Corps had proved its military value, it could co-opt a lot of other magicians practising gastromancy, aeromancy, coscinomancy, alentomancy, tyromancy, sternomancy, libanomancy, capnomancy, axionomancy, and a score more occult arts, not excluding cephalomancy, which involves the boiling of an ass's head on burning coals and was formerly practised largely in High Germany.

Whether a few of those Red Indian spirit guides should also be given honorary commissions in the Corps is a matter for debate. Chief Bacon-Rind and the other boys let their buddies down pretty badly last September, if you remember, when they evidently knew not a thing of what was happening in the lodges of the heap noisy Nordic paleface with the little wampum moustache. Ugh ! Ugh ! Likewise Wa, wa ! They should read more Sunday papers more than they do.

Racket

THE 1940 Whitehall Graft Season is not yet fully under way, a chap tells us, and it may take some months yet before anything bobs up on a big business scale, like that aeroplane-dope case in the last war, whatever that was. (How terrific it seemed at the time, and how many chaps to-day have the faintest recollection of what it involved ?) But it must not be assumed, this authority added, that because everything is so quiet there is nothing doing. The truth about some of the bigger Napoleonic War contracts wasn't discovered till the Crimean campaign had begun. By the time that business of the defective military stores at Flodden leaked out, Sir Ralph Powke had been given a couple of abbeys to loot by Henry VIII., had founded a noble family, and nobody could touch him. Quietude and smoothness are the essentials, as Herr Amschel-Rothschild said after he had demoralised the markets and cornered Three Per Cents. by spreading that advance rumour of the British defeat at Waterloo. Only a very young or thoughtless financial specialist goes rolling about the West End and splashing his rake-off before the deal has been fully mellowed by Time. We mention these things because those of our little readers who are fighting men, being generally innocent of high finance, may tend to despise wartime grafters as an inferior, ape-like, and ignoble species. This is foolish. To pull off a sizeable deal in war contracts with plenty " on the side " and a rake-off at either end requires immense nerve, charm, skill, ruthlessness, and staying power—in fact, all the qualities required to command the admiration and respect of men. Lack any one of these qualities, such as charm (like poor Henry St. Cyr, *né* Schmaltzdorf, who had three country houses in 1917), and you may land in the can. With a fal la la.

" Bloke's bike's back brake block's broke"

Houpla

SOMETHING like what Fleet Street calls a " bombshell " for once, we thought, was that letter the five Canons Residentiary of Canterbury Cathedral wrote to *The Times*, formally repudiating the gambols of their reverend the Dean. What a scene, we thought, for Trollope or Hugh Walpole, both sloggers twirling a nifty pen, perfectly at ease and *au fait* with British cathedral-city doings, and highly capable of describing the deep, bell-like note of a Dean at bay, the shriller cries of the angry pack of canons surrounding him, the fainter chirp of some poor little limping minor canon wounded in the crush. Moreover, we thought, it would be a scene unique in history, there never having existed before, at any time or in any country, a high ecclesiastical dignitary who publicly admired such a régime as Stalin's (which in theory is no new thing in Europe). Hence, although Canterbury's domestic troubles are none of our tea or yours, one could hardly help relishing the more obviously dramatic aspects of the Five Canons' revolt. Nothing like it has burst in Auntie *Times's* bosom—*si nous osons nous exprimer ainsi*—since that great manifesto some time ago of the Forty Dons of Oxford, hurling grim defiance at Franco

(Concluded on page 12)

More Fragments From France: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"What do yer mean, German Navy! Churchill's hexact words in Parliament was 'They ain't got a blinkin' chance on the ruddy sea'"

Standing By . . .

(Continued from page 10)

and his ultimatum and ordering Miaja to fight to the last drop of Republican blood. Which was perhaps the biggest laugh of 1939 and Donnery's top score for many years, though personally we find the goings-on of dons always amusing and often what Hollywood calls a belly-laugh. This feeling is shared by three dons we know personally and esteem as chaps of common sense, intelligence, and wit. You 'd think they 'd tire of perpetual contact with the Jumblies, but on the contrary, they assure us, they derive constant pleasure of a scientific kind from observing this strange, jelly-like pond-life, so agitated, so fantastic, and so comic.

Plea

WHILE it seems likely that the gardens of the Tuileries, the Luxembourg, and the Parc Monceau may shortly be dug up to grow vegetables, it is highly unlikely, an agricultural authority tells us, that after the President of the M.C.C.'s recent fervent appeal any British cricket-pitches will be desecrated in this manner. To dig up Lord's would naturally be unthinkable even if the entire populace were starving to death; which is not impossible, after all, added this authority cheerfully. To this we agreed, believing that the average decent thinking Englishman would rather die than suffer a spade to touch the Sacred Turf, if, indeed, he is not already dead from birth, like so many cricket-addicts one used to see round and about. But as a matter of fact no British Government, having already blown up St. Paul's and sown the site with cabbages, would dare propose such a thing. Gladstone barely escaped with his life in 1878 when, having heard with horror of all that amorous toying at the wicket which goes on at Lord's during a Test match—you 've seen the actresses twining themselves round some gay, laughing bowler, and the fast Society women swaying insolently across the pitch during an over, their lips smoking from a favourite batsman's kiss—he wanted to pull down the Pavilion, plough up the pitch and sow the site with salt as a warning to evildoers. The bull-like roaring of the great W. G. Grace, who, though he never personally indulged in amorous flafla—which, he thought, spoiled the game—vastly preferred carrying a little roguey actress off the field to carrying his bat, and the howls of an outraged citizenry so terrified the Gladstone government that it resigned at once, and never stopped running till it got to Croydon. " Surely they can play with hoops and marbles instead ? " asked the bewildered Prime Minister. Some years before Disraeli had exclaimed in similar bepuzzlement, during a County match from which actresses and demi-mondaines had been excluded : " Surely a *large, handsome* ball of *rubber,* painted with some pleasing design, such as rabbits or fairies, would permit a free and Imperial Race to express its spiritual preoccupations even more earnestly ? " At which a private secretary muttered hoarsely : " For God's sake pipe down, can'tya ? ", for already the Living Dead were glaring horribly and a fist or two was being shaken, in a flaccid, nerveless manner.

Chums

NO group or gaggle of citizens with pear-shaped noggins has yet arisen with a cry of " Stop the War ! " to denounce the Government on the grounds that sinking U-boats liberates oil which clogs the wings of sea-birdies, but, as you are well aware, nothing fantastic is wholly impossible in Cloud-Cuckoo Land, and it may happen yet. Having said which, we shall probably get fifteen abusive postcards in florid spinsterish hands by the next post. It 's our misfortune, we keep discovering, to be fond of the wrong kind of dumb chums, such as pigs and warthogs and mongrel cats, which decent people despise, and to be only tepidly enthusiastic over doggies, many of whom seem to us frankly to be fools and lackeys. This has given us a bad name. It 's therefore probably useless to explain that we 're as sorry about this oil business as anybody, though on the other hand we don't think it should lead to the disgrace and dismissal of Mr. Churchill and a note to Hitler explaining why we 're chucking up the sponge herewith. And if you think this remark is just whimsy, consult any Fleet Street boy who deals with the daily bag of Letters to the Editor. One correspondence-editor was telling us that there are days in almost every week when the whole of Great Britain seems one vast resounding loony-bin. Clément Vautel, doyen of Parisian columnists, came to much the same conclusion about his own postbag some time ago, and we heard the same thing from Heywood Broun in New York. For every letter you see printed in the average popular daily—and some of those are not so hot, either—there are probably ten rejects, written by citizens more or less patently certifiable, nuts, bughouse, crackers, bogey-bogey, and at liberty to roam at will. (This is either an alarming or an amusing fact, according to the way you regard the human race.) Hence to assume that there may be ere long an outcry from birdie-lovers against sinking U-boats is merely to assume a sober probability, to dismiss or pooh-pooh which shows that you are probably a trifle nuts yourself. We 'd give you here and now the address of a very good Harley Street mental specialist of European reputation if it hadn't turned out, when we consulted him recently on some minor point, that he thought all the time we were Clive of India.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Do you mean to tell me you started this by rubbing two sticks together? "

Dancers of To-morrow

Class Pictures at the Vic-Wells School of Ballet

A study in porte de bras: *six students of the "top" class at Sadler's Wells were posed to show various positions of the arms—Mena Jordan, Hermine Camelinat (from the Danetree School in Birmingham), Valerie Entwhistle, Florence Lambert, June Vincent, Betty Butler*

A young dancer *of whom the ballet world will one day hear a great deal is Margaret Turner. This fifteen-year-old "find" is Canadian, and came to Sadler's Wells from the June Roper School in Vancouver, which gave Denisova and Sobinova to de Basil. Her mother brought her over, and is soon leaving her here, returning herself to Canada. Outstanding in this photograph are her suppleness, straight legs, and beautiful feet*

Since the war the Vic-Wells Ballet Company have spent five weeks at Sadler's Wells and the rest of the time on tour, returning last week-end to begin their second London season on April 1st. All this time the ballet school has carried on at the Wells, and is now practically up to pre-war numbers. The school feeds the Company all the time, with extras for the big classical productions and eleventh-hour understudies. Especially during the hard winter months, when influenza epidemics rage, the "top" class (the company of to-morrow) never know when they may be called on to fill gaps. Study of the entire repertoire is part of their weekly routine, and during the long tours they replace the Company in certain opera ballets. The director of the ballet, Ninette de Valois, has carried on in London all the time, with Nicolai Sergueff and Ursula Moreton. They had all the extras rehearsed and ready to step into allotted places for the very quickly staged performances of *The Sleeping Princess* in January

Ninette de Valois *beats time while two of the boy students jump upwards from the second position. They are John Field, who was handed on to the Wells by the Shelagh Elliott-Clarke School, Liverpool, and who is about to enter the Company, and Jack Mahoney*

Photographs by Anthony

At the barre *are Moyra Fraser, Marjorie Turner, Lorna Mossford Mena Jordan. The big new rehearsal room with its mirror-lined walls was only completed a month before the war. It is an important part of the Lilian Baylis Memorial—i.e., the new part of Sadler's Wells Theatre. The students, both girls and boys, have excellent dressing-rooms and shower-baths*

Rasputin—Harry Baur

Every decade or so, someone is going to make a film about Rasputin: the extraordinary and sinister drama of his appearance, personality, powers and story better any invented scenario. And every decade or so there will probably be an actor of the tremendous calibre necessary for playing the Russian monk on the screen. This time it is Harry Baur who takes his part, and a French company who have built *La Tragédie Impériale* around that fine actor's performance. The director is Marcel l'Herbier, and he has chosen the rest of his cast, so we are told, with particular care for the likeness of each player to his or her character. Jean Worms and Marcelle Chantal head the list as the Tsar and Tsarina. *La Tragédie Impériale* went to the Embassy, Tottenham Court Road, last Friday

Abraham Lincoln—Raymond Massey

English audiences will be grateful for *Spirit of the People*, if only because it lets them see at last what they have heard so much about—Raymond Massey as President Lincoln. Autumn 1938, Lincoln took on the likeness of Raymond Massey (or is it the other way about ?) on Broadway, in Robert E. Sherwood's play ; last spring Massey was booked to play Lincoln in Hollywood's version of the story ; two months ago, American papers were showing stills of *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, critics were admitting it to the " small company of American films that merit the label of masterpieces." (Interlude in this Lincoln-Massey period was the showing of *Young Mr. Lincoln*, when the President had Henry Fonda's face.) *Spirit of the People*, so named for British screening, was directed by John Cromwell for RKO-Radio producer, Max Gordon. It will be shown in London this month

The "Bystander" visits the

Royal Egyptian Embassy

France has always influenced the taste of cultured and wealthy Egyptians, and the Ambassador himself and the furnishings of his Embassy are no exception to the Francophile rule. He and the Minister Plenipotentiary and Counsellor, Abdul Fattah Assal Bey (left), were photographed in the Louis XV. setting of one of the reception rooms at 75, South Audley Street

A portrait of Egypt's young King Farouk hangs behind the desk of the Consul-General, A. M. Zulficar

The war has brought increased business to most Embassy doors. The Egyptian Embassy has had its full share, and with the bitter conflicting interests of belligerents shifting south and east once more, from Scandinavia to the Balkans and the Near East, the firmly established friendship and alliance between Egypt and Britain assumes a more and more vital importance. Since June 1938 Egyptian affairs in Great Britain have been in the hands of a Doctor of Law and Economics. Perhaps no better background could be found for an Ambassador in these days than a youth and early manhood spent in studying and teaching these two subjects, especially when to academic distinction are added wide administrative experience and a knowledge of international affairs in four capitals and over fifteen years. Dr. Hassan Nashaat Pasha was born, the son of a soldier, in Cairo fifty-one years ago, was educated at the Cairo School of Law, leaving to take a two-year post at the Parquet in 1908. Then he spent three years in France, at the Dijon School of Law, where he obtained his double doctorate. He returned to his own country to spend six years teaching in the Law School, before he was drawn into the hurly-burly of public affairs. For two years he served at the Ministry of Justice, and then in 1921 entered the Cabinet as Director of the Arabic Section, was soon promoted to be Sub-Chief of the Cabinet, a post of great influence. In 1925 he transferred to the Diplomatic Service, represented Egypt in Madrid and Teheran, and then as Ambassador in Berlin from 1928 to 1938, thus coming to London with a first-hand knowledge of Hitler's Germany. He is a widower; his wife died in London last August

***The Embassy staff** are: (seated) Assal Bey, Minister and Counsellor, the Ambassador, Mohamed El Said, First Secretary; (standing) A. L. Fahmy, Archivist, O. Tawfik, Vice-Consul, M. M. El Far, Attaché, M. M. El-Arab, Second Secretary, A. M. Zulficar, Consul-General, M. K. El Labban, Attaché, M. Rifaat, Commercial Attaché, B. H. Niazi, Military Attaché, M. A. Zaki, Secretary to the Consulate-General, A. M. Mouftah, Private Secretary to the Ambassador*

The Ambassador, *Dr. Hassan Nashaat Pasha, owns the Gobelins tapestry which now hangs in the Embassy ballroom. It is a twelfth- or thirteenth-century version of Queen Cleopatra receiving Marc Antony in Alexandria*

The Art of Burlesque

Joan Sterndale-Bennett

Joan Sterndale-Bennett Mocks the Ballerina

What Joan Sterndale-Bennett's great grandfather, Sir William Sterndale-Bennett, would have thought of the mockery made by Ridgeway's Late Joys of the great Victorian age in which he flourished as an eminent composer, only great-grandfathers can say. She is a young actress, R.A.D.A.-trained, who has played leading parts at the Worthing Repertory Theatre, was in one or two London plays, and a film. At Christmas she was in the Players' Theatre Victorian pantomime, and she appears frequently in their nightly entertainment, singing this Victorian music-hall song with wit and verve, and a deliciously absurd danced accompaniment

RIDGEWAY'S LATE JOYS, under the chairmanship of Leonard Sachs, provide the most original and cheerful after-theatre entertainment in London. In the old building "where Evans's Song and Supper gave Londoners their first taste of the joys of 'cabaret,'" the Players' Theatre audience of members and their friends can eat and smoke and drink as they watch and listen to the Victorian cabaret. They can also join in the choruses from the song-sheet—and they do. Dozens of stage people come here after their shows, liking the informal, smoky, vital atmosphere, the unpretentious excellence of the turns, the friendly back-chat, at the expense of audience as well as performers, of the chairman. Innovation is the Friday "early house" at nine o'clock; otherwise the Late Joys start around eleven

I'm a prima ballerina assoluta

I'm the pet of all the noble upper classes
I'm just as dear to what they call the masses

When they greet me with applause enthusiastic
My poses are particularly plastic

Whenever I'm across the big Atlantic
I meet a welcome positively frantic

For I'm loved by all Bostonians and New Yorkers
And the big Chicago men who deal in porkers

Chorus:
Hi, di! Why, di! I'm a little Li-di!
Sy, di! My di! Ain't yer kicking high!

at the Players' Theatre

Peter Ustinov Mocks an Ancient Opera Singer

Peter Ustinov is the nineteen-year-old son of J. Ustinov, art expert and wit, and Nadia Benois, artist and stage-designer, was at Westminster, then two years at the St. Denis theatre school, last summer worked at the Barn Theatre, Shere. His appearance in the Players' Theatre pantomime brought him almost violently to the notice of critics, public, managers (see Mr. Farjeon's comments, below right). This was as the character photographed here, an old Austrian prima donna giving her farewell performance, whom he now presents in the Late Joys, and also the Bishop of Limpopo lecturing at a boys' school

Peter Ustinov

"It is difficult to write temperately of Mr. Ustinov, who, though only nineteen years of age, leaves such a deep impression that—well, if it had been Edmund Kean doing a stunt at a party, I should have thought it well worthy of the man who could play Richard III. so superbly. . . . This is an immense piece of acting, too macabre and too true to be merely funny, though funny it undeniably is. Inevitably, it sets one speculating on the future of a young man who, if this is not merely a flash in the pan, may achieve heights we now only read about."—Herbert Farjeon in the "Bystander," January 10th, 1940

I ran away from home at the request of my father

There was a little bit of insect in that family

I can only say that this is Schubert at his most fertile

Mme. Liselotte Beethoven-Finck, Prima Donna

Photographs by Anthony

Harlip

Miss Ursula Gibbons

Ursula Georgina Gibbons announced her engagement a month ago to Sub-Lieut. (A.) Lebbeus Anthony Hordern, R.N.V.R., of 27, Hill Street, W.1, son of the late Lebbeus Hordern, and Dona Olga Clare de Romero. She is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Sir Walter Gibbons, and Doris Lady Orr-Lewis, of Arlington House, S.W.1

Five Engagements

Lenare

Mrs. Ursula Clifton

Mrs. Ursula Clifton is to marry Lord David Crichton-Stuart, third son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute. She is the younger daughter of Sir Edward and the Hon. Lady Packe, of Prestwold Hall, Loughborough. Her first marriage took place in 1934, and was annulled on her petition two years later. Her grandfather was the first and last Lord Colebrooke

Catherine Bell

Miss Mollie Sullivan

Mollie Sullivan is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. W. P. Sullivan, of Combe Manor, Wadhurst, Sussex (formerly of Waterford). Her fiancé is Sec.-Lieut. W. E. Heinemann, R.A., elder son of the late E. L. Heinemann, and Mrs. Heinemann, of 36, Wynnstay Gardens, W.8

Lenare

The Hon. Penelope Mills

Penelope Mills announced her engagement two weeks ago to Evelyn Sturt, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Sturt, of 10, Perceval Avenue, Hampstead. She is the eldest of the three daughters of Lord and Lady Hillingdon, of Wakefield Lodge, Potterspury, Northants.

Lenare

Miss Vivian Martin Smith

Vivian Elizabeth Martin Smith is engaged to Robert Philip Henry Elwes, 16th/5th Lancers, eldest son of Robert H. A. Elwes, of Cougham House, King's Lynn, Norfolk, and the late Mrs. Elwes. She is the daughter of the late Captain Everard Martin Smith, and Mrs. Martin Smith, of Lane House, King's Walden

Films of the Day

Elizabeth and Essex from Hollywood

By George Campbell

"WAAL, Darnley," said Bothwell, in Hollywood's *Mary of Scotland*, "still hanging around, huh?" I went to *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex* expecting a companion piece, written in the same racy idiom. And I was agreeably surprised. The film is based on the play by Maxwell Anderson, the distinguished American who wrote *Winterset*, *Valley Forge* and (incidentally) *Mary of Scotland*. But this time the adapters, defying precedent, seem to have followed his conception of the characters and used a good deal of his dialogue; and the gain in realism and dignity is immense. Here and there the pronunciation is a little odd to our ears, but this is no great matter. On the whole, *Elizabeth and Essex* is a sound job of historical writing, and in places a very impressive one.

Historically, too, only pedants will find much to make a fuss about. Authorities will always wrangle over the relationship of Essex to a Queen embittered by the loss of youth and whatever charms she may once have had. Was he, in the technical sense, her lover? Did he really love her in any way, apart from the gallant gestures and conventional phrases that were the vogue at Gloriana's Court? Mr. Anderson leaves the first question unanswered, as historically it always must be, contenting himself with showing a relationship sufficiently intimate to permit of passionate kisses and boisterous thumps on the Tudor tail.

To the second his answer is "yes," with qualifications. His Essex is pretty certainly the Essex of fact—dashing, brave, proud, intensely ambitious, and, in affairs of State, a trifle stupid. Ill-matched though he and his Queen may be in point of years, he finds her amusing, exciting, fascinating even; and when she accuses him of having played on her love as a passport to favour and success, he gives her convincing proof of his sincerity. Why hasn't he sent her the ring which he knows she will interpret as a plea for the pardon she is only too anxious to give? Because, he tells her, at a meeting in the Tower a few minutes before he is to die, his love is real and strong, but his ambition is stronger still, stronger even than his love of life. If she pardons him he will only plot again to take away her throne. So he had better die. The tortured woman, who has sent him to the Tower because she, too, has an overpowering passion, which is love of England, knows he is right, but as he turns to the steps that lead to the block she momentarily weakens. "Take my throne!" she screams. "Take England! Take everything!" But with head erect he walks down to his rendezvous with death.

It is a moving scene, well written and well acted by Bette Davis and Erroll Flynn. I must confess that the casting had dismayed me; but here, too, my worst fears were not realised. Mr. Flynn, wearing his costumes with immense dash, is pictorially perfect. I wish I could say the same for his acting. In the intimate scenes his delivery is pleasant and convincing enough; but when something more impressive is required, his untrained voice lacks resonance and authority. Miss Davis seemed to me unexpectedly good. I have sometimes had harsh things to say about this young actress, and again I must complain of an incessant jiggling, which is no doubt intended to reveal temperament, but eventually becomes almost meaningless. For the rest, she gives a vivid and in many ways interesting performance. Her make-up, without being grotesque, cleverly suggests faded, withering charms; her alternations between bitterness and hope, momentary happiness in her young lover's arms and despair as she faces the facts of his reckless selfishness and dangerous ambition, are real and moving.

Amongst the supporting players several stand out. Donald Crisp gives a perfect cameo of a performance as Bacon, the aloof philosopher cynically watching the unscrupulous courtiers at their tricks, but not too aloof to profit by them. Henry Daniell cleverly suggests the ability and cold cunning of Cecil, Henry Stephenson is Burghley, Alan Hale a jovial Tyrone, and Vincent Price a handsome but otherwise unlikeable Raleigh. The only female character of any consequence, apart from the Queen, is Lady Penelope Gray, played prettily enough by Olivia de Havilland. Michael Curtiz directed the production, of which I should add that it is all in the handsomest of Technicolor.

***"Another Thin Man"**: among the other "films of the day" our critic describes this as "best of all perhaps, with William Powell, Myrna Loy and Asta [the dog] in the mixture as before, with one important addition—a rather blasé baby." This new "Thin Man" picture went to the Empire just before Easter*

SO is *Drums Along the Mohawk*, Darryl Zanuck's version of Walter D. Edmonds' novel of the War of Independence, which had a great success some years ago. It is a big, spectacular affair, set mostly in the open air, with plenty of fighting and a chase of Henry Fonda by Indians as one of the highlights. Mr. Fonda is always a sound actor, Claudette Colbert has no superior in some rôles, time, money and pains have obviously been spent on the production, yet one feels it should be rather more exciting than it is.

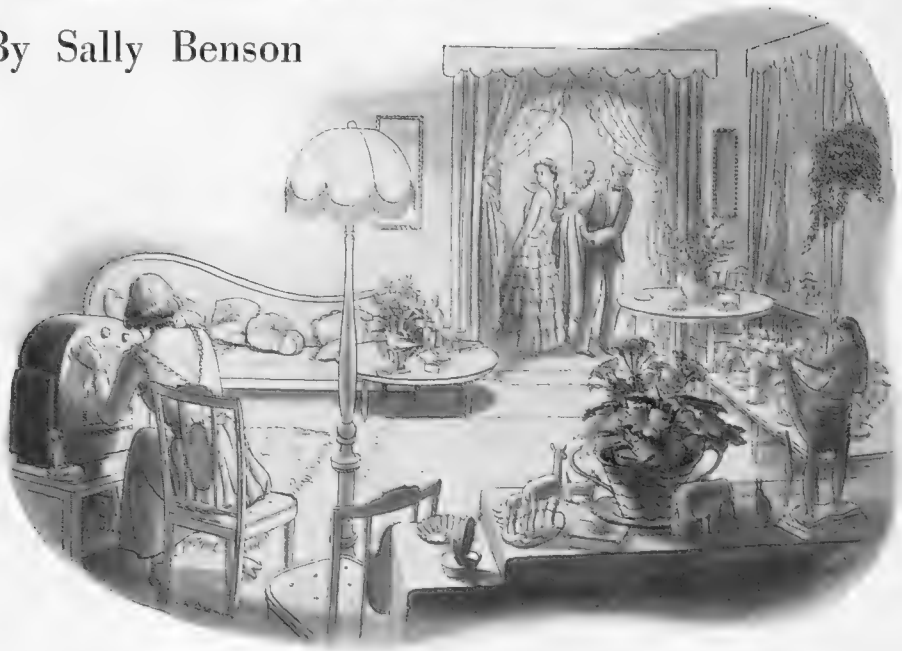
THE same might be said of *Raffles*, a new version of E. W. Hornung's old favourite, with David Niven as the amateur cracksman. It begins all right, with a cricket match and everybody invited down to the country house where Lady Melrose keeps her famous emeralds beside the bed, and Raffles resolving to go straight because he has fallen in love. It is at this point, of course, that the egregious Bunny has to get himself into a mess and appeal to Raffles for a thousand pounds, which starts a train of mildly exciting events that fizzle out in the silliest ending I can remember.

"CONTRABAND" is an agreeable British thriller, with Conrad Veidt and Valerie Hobson; *The Invisible Man Returns* may be enjoyed by those who did not see the H. G. Wells' film.

"Bystander" Short Story

Counter-Irritant

By Sally Benson



The feminine touch on everything was so apparent that the room looked almost indecent

When Don Gibson got married, it came as a complete surprise to his friends. He was not, they said, the marrying sort. Indeed, it was hard to decide what sort he was, and all his life he had baffled people who tried to figure him out. He was small and very thin, and he lived in a constant state of irritation. Practically everything annoyed him: women's hats, waiters, the temperature of rooms (which were either stifling or like barns), telephones, the President, people in elevators who out of sheer perversity would not face the doors, entire theatre audiences, laundries, cleaning women, the weather, contraltos, ash-trays, and the way the world was run. When he was not being violently and noisily angry, he was smouldering, and it was as much as a person's life was worth to have dinner with him in a restaurant. The table he preferred was always occupied by a couple who had seated themselves there just to be disagreeable, and when he had finally chosen a second best he would straighten the silverware, usually wiping it off suspiciously on his napkin. Then, it seemed, while waiters were willing and even anxious to serve others, they studiously avoided him and his desires, so that it was necessary for him to say something biting and sarcastic to attract the attention of one of them. "I would like to order *to-day*," he would say, "*if* it 's all the same to you."

When his order came and he took a mouthful of his crabmeat cocktail, for instance, there was a horrible moment as he bit down hard on a piece of shell. He was a magnet for foreign substances in food, and while he never went so far as to send his order back, he ate the rest of it warily, turning it over cagily with his fork, on the alert for more shells, bits of broken glass, or worse. If he and the person with whom he was dining asked for roast chicken, it was he who got all the dark meat and the smaller potato. It was as though Fate had nothing to do but play on his jangled nerves by surrounding him with pitfalls.

Beyond all other things, women seemed to push him to the limit of endurance. They drove him as near to insanity as a man can get without actually beating his head against a wall and screaming. And he stared at them with such a mad look in his eyes that they became nervous, and let bags and gloves slide from their laps and couldn't make up their minds about anything. It was horrible to see him cornering a flustered woman, demanding "All right; do you want to go or don't you?" Or to see him in a group composed mostly of women, muttering "Blah, blah, blah" to himself. He became fiercely angry at the pretty ones who listened to him and tried to look intelligent and engrossed. He let them make fools of themselves by wearing their prettiest, most rapt expressions while he talked, and then he turned on them. "But you don't know what I 'm talking about!" he would shout. "Why do you sit there pretending to care what I 'm saying when you don't understand a word of it?"

They would protest that, on the contrary, the things he had told them were fascinating and that he made it all so clear. But he snorted with contempt, and even as he went on talking it was as though the life had been taken right out of him.

He had a different technique with the intellectual ones. He listened to them as one listens to a second-grader, with an amused tolerance, closing his eyes and smiling in a rather sick manner, occasionally staring at the victim's hat, which even she was aware was on the utilitarian side.

Yet for all his contempt of women, he spent a great deal of time with them, and they seemed fascinated by him. It was as though they hoped that underneath the rudeness and scorn a rich vein of pure gold lay hidden, and if they dug long enough and hard enough they could reach it. The men who knew him apparently felt the same way. They had a sneaking admiration for his search for perfection, and apologised for him. "Don 's not a bad guy when you get to know him," they said. This may have been true, only there was not a soul in the world who really knew him.

His admirers took his constant small furies as a sign of vitality, and it was a matter of pride to them that he was a handful at a party. He would sit in a corner brooding over his drink, wincing at the things that were said and the topics that were discussed, until everyone felt that if they could only get Don to appear to be having a good time the evening would be made. He never left a gathering in one of his rages, but stayed, slightly drunk, magnificently belligerent, ready to take offence at almost anything. He could hear a whisper across the room and he would bounce from his chair, drink in hand, shouting "How can you make a statement like that? How can you?" Then he would stride up and down, pointing out to all the utter stupidity of such a contention. His tirades were full of negatives and surprisingly barren of positives.

Occasionally he would carry the banner for something or some person, usually of no particular consequence, so that he never ran up against any great opposition. "God!" he would exclaim. "I 've just seen a great picture, *Path to the Moon*. Ever heard of it? . . . What! You 've never even heard of it! Where have you been? Why, the little girl who plays the part of the deaf-mute is the greatest actress in the world to-day. She makes a monkey of Cornell. God! Are people dumb! Only see what 's under their noses. Go and see this little girl. It 'll be an experience you 'll never forget. You 'll have to hurry, though, because the picture 's only going to be at the East Seventy-fifth Street Playhouse to-day and to-morrow. Wonderful bit of acting, I tell you. Wonderful!"

Don's closest friends were the Millikens, and when he called on them to tell them he was married you could have knocked Bess Milliken over with a feather.

"Married!" she gasped.

"That 's what I said," he told her. "What 's wrong with that?"

"Oh, nothing," she assured him. "Nothing at all. It 's so sudden. Do I know her?"

"Don't think you do," he said. "Grace Mintie."

"No," Bess Milliken said. "I don't think I do know her. Not that *that* proves anything, of course. There are millions of people I don't know." She laughed apologetically.

"Yes," he went on, "I met her on that cruise I took to Bermuda."

"Oh," she said slyly. "I remember your telling us you 'd never had a better time, but we didn't suspect *why*. Well, Don, it happens to all of us."

"What does?" he asked.

"Love," she answered softly. Then, fearing he might not like it if she were sentimental, she added brightly, "And when are we to meet her?"

"That 's what I called about," he said. "How about next Friday night for dinner at our place?"

Waiting for Friday night, Bess Milliken worked herself into a frenzy of excitement. "What *can* she be like?" she asked her husband over and over. "She must be just about perfect for Don to pick her out. It 's a wonder someone else didn't grab her first. I expect she 's a combination of Griselda, Portia, and Hedy Lamarr. I don't think I can stand it until I see her."

She dressed for the dinner with care, remembering that Don had once said that her black lace dress made her face look like a tomato. She cautioned Bob against various things. "*Don't* chew the ice in your glass, even if the pieces are small," she warned him. "It drives Don mad. And *don't* keep saying, 'That 's one for the book.' I 've seen Don look at you when you say that as though he could murder you. Just be quiet and nice. We don't want to send him off the very first time we see her. Goodness! She 'll think his friends are pretty funny if she catches him just sitting and glaring at us."

"Well, don't you make those little bread balls," he answered in defence. "I 've seen him look pretty funny when you do that, too."

The Gibsons had taken an apartment in the East Seventies. As the Millikens rang the bell they could hear the sound of a radio, and Bess Milliken had just time to look inquiringly at her husband when Don opened the door. "Come in! Come in!" he cried with such enthusiasm that she wondered if by chance he had had some drinks that affected him the way they should.

In the living-room, her chair drawn close to the radio, sat the bride. She was small and indeterminate-looking, and had a vague

(*Concluded on page 32*)

Spring to Attention

There is just one word to describe the new spring hats—exciting. After a particularly dreary winter they have come out into the sunshine, as welcome as crocuses, and even more brightly coloured, with their flower trimmings and skilfully draped veiling. Harrods, of Knightsbridge, have risen to the occasion with a collection that seems even more varied and individual than usual. They have the cyclamen felt on the right, with its graceful mantilla veil of lace-edged tulle, and the red-and-black sailor below, made not in straw, but in stitched taffeta

Choosing a trousseau is no longer merely a question of deciding between peach and pale blue. Lingerie colours are now as varied and individual as dress shades, and offer as much scope for originality. This charming nightdress, for instance, with its short-sleeved bolero and rouleaux embroidery, is made in soft lime-green satin, though it can be copied in pastel colours. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, have it in their very versatile spring collection, which includes a brilliant house-coat and pyjama outfit in stop-red and white. Trousseau nightdresses in satin and crepe-de-Chine are from 25/-, and there are filmy negligees to tone with them

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Salvation in Fleet Street

By V. S. Pritchett

Two Biblical salvationists are reincarnated this week: Mr. Douglas (Jeremiah) Reed, the only man to be always right about Hitler, and Mr. Malcolm (Ecclesiasticus) Muggeridge. But perhaps Mr. Reed is not Jeremiah, but the man with the Salvation Army drum telling us how he found the Way and calling us to Repent. In his *Nemesis?* (Cape; 10*s.* 6*d.*) he tells the story of Otto Strasser, the ex-Nazi and founder of the schismatic Black Front, who was accused by Goebbels of directing the attempt on Hitler's life at Munich. Otto Strasser's story is interesting, exciting and perhaps important. It is always hard to know what importance to give to exiles. Inevitably they are out of touch, and they are always fighting old battles. Usually the chief value of their information is that it is a psychological corrective to our views of what is going on in their countries. Otto Strasser's one-man war with Hitler is, according to Mr. Reed, both personal and ideological. Like most German exiles, he regards Hitler as a pathetic figure; Strasser's hatred is rather for Göring, whom he thinks was implicated in the murder of his brother, Gregor Strasser. Gregor was thought to be Hindenburg's first choice when the Nazis were to be offered office. Politically, Otto Strasser represents traditional, non-Marxist Socialism. (Like Hitler, he is a Catholic.) And he turned against Hitler's doctrine because it was megalomaniac. Strasser's doctrine is set out in full here, and very readably. Mr. Reed thinks a man like Strasser is distinctly a safer bet for our money than Göring, whose bad faith was amply demonstrated by the years of secret rearmament. Göring's advantage in English eyes is that he is almost a gentleman—a weakness of ours which usually leads to complete misreading of foreign politics. Otto Strasser's story reads like a gangster thriller. He was all but put "on the spot" in Vienna, Prague and Luxembourg (where his secret radio was stationed). He is a fascinating character; hard, courageous, yet obviously with that not undamaging streak of Bavarian indolence and easy good-nature. No doubt he is not as simple as he seems.

Vanity of vanities (said the preacher), all is vanity—thereby giving Biblical licence to an endless procession of cynical sentimentalists of whom Mr. Muggeridge is the latest brilliant, entertaining and misleading example. His running commentary on the headlines, fads and movements of the last ten years is witty and savage. It is called *The Thirties*, 1930-1940 (Hamish Hamilton; 9*s.* 6*d.*). The trick is to give all events the same value and to make clever juxtapositions. To discover, for example, that when Kipling's coffin arrived at Golders Green Crematorium, the chapel was littered with red flags from the funeral of Saklatvala, the Indian Communist M.P., which had taken place a few minutes before. Mr. Muggeridge amuses himself with notes on how the peace movement became a war movement, how the Russians kidded Mr. Shaw and Lady Astor in Moscow, how Marx dominated the Senior Common Rooms, how the Vicar of Stiffkey died the death of an early Christian, how Mr. Priestley thought Vicki Baum a great novelist—as if Mr. Priestley had never said anything else—how the Non-Intervention Committee solemnly wound up its farce with all the pomp of a company going into fraudulent liquidation. And so on. Very often Mr. Muggeridge says some searching things: that D. H. Lawrence's posthumous writings revealed an ominous preoccupation with power, and that Liberals make the false assumption that you have only to offer people material and spiritual advantages and they will behave and be happy. The Thirties showed that promises of suffering, self-sacrifice and death were even more alluring. The cult of happiness certainly ended in mystical exasperation (Mr. Muggeridge), or a longing for sore feet (any Storm Trooper). Another shrewd point is that the centre of sentimental Imperialism has moved from Pall Mall to Hollywood, where one can dream of the lives of the Bengal Lancer in safety. Mr. Muggeridge is evidently one of those who put all our sufferings down to a decline of religious belief. An easy view. But if we believed in the wrong things during the Thirties, we certainly, as he shows, often got worked up about the wrong things. The mistake is to assume that there was no pattern and that there were no right things.

W. A. McAdam

Mr. McAdam, Agent-General for British Columbia for the last six years, was responsible for the opening of the first canteen and recreation-rooms available for Dominion troops when they arrived in December. This is at British Columbia House in Regent Street, the Province's London headquarters, which in the last war also gave hospitality from 1915 onwards to soldiers from overseas. Since December some 20,000 meals have been served in the British Columbia House canteen (of which pictures appeared in the "Bystander," February 28th)

"Say That She Were Gone," by Philip Jordan (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a novel by a brilliant and mordant journalist about another. He is an Englishman married to an American ten-cent store heiress and paralysed by her wealth. They are living in Spain on the eve of the Civil War, and quite unaware of the coming catastrophe. Also unaware that a pair of swindling partners in New York have embezzled the heiress's fortune. Pauline is, indeed, happily engaged in preparing to have an abortion—see Hemingway's *Hills Like White Elephants*—but this does not make her husband happy. He is in the difficult situation of finding he does not love his wife, and of being unable, through pity and anxiety, to tell her so. He is a character born for the dilemmas of duplicity, and it is this, as much as Pauline's inordinate desire for cash, which really leads him to go in for highly paid espionage when he returns to deal with the financial crash in New York. Back in Spain and working for a Left Wing paper, he betrays the Government troops to the Fascists. His sentimental vacillations are sensitively followed. Mr. Jordan is, however, stronger on types than on character. He gets the refugee and the arms-tout perfectly. The book owes its tough-guy, disenchanted manner to the artificialities of Mr. Hemingway, and this at times amounts to parody. When in doubt the characters order another drink or utter another expletive, just as in Noel Coward's comedies they light another cigarette. Against these criticisms must be placed the tremendous visual vividness of the narrative, the pace and suspense of the story and its intelligence. Mr. Jordan "gets" a Spanish village, a luxury liner, a prison scene, a New York party and the war in Madrid with the nonchalant expertise of the keenest reporters. He has a good deal to say about the boredom and bad faith of the rich, and *Say That She Were Gone* is a polished slice of melodrama with a serious message.

Novels recommended:

The Morning is Near Us. By Susan Gladspell (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

Paper Pattern. By G. E. Calthrop. (Hamish Hamilton; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

The Swan of Usk. By Helen Ashton. (Collins; 9*s.*).

Castle in Carinthia. By Johann Fabricius (Collins; 9*s.* 6*d.*).

Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Clemence Dane at Home in Covent Garden

Clemence Dane's flat in Tavistock Street looks out over the busy van-filled streets around Covent Garden market. Inside, the light walls are hung with her own flower paintings, and heads of her own sculpting stand on bookcases and shelves. Her companion is a lively terrier called Ben, picked up as a stray in Covent Garden last summer. Miss Dane can relax now after the strenuous, nervous weeks while her new play, *Cousin Muriel* (at the Globe, with Edith Evans), was in rehearsal, and also *The Conjuror*, the special play she wrote for the Red Cross gala matinée, introducing famous actors and actresses in famous parts. Her passion for the theatre found its earliest expression when she appeared (under her professional stage name of Diana Portis) in two London productions in 1913, its fullest expression in her long theatrical-family novel *Broome Stages*, its most successful in her play *A Bill of Divorcement*. She was born Winifred Ashton

Milne-Watson — Bagnall

Michael Milne-Watson, younger son of Sir David Milne-Watson, Bt., and Lady Milne-Watson, of Ashley Chase, Abbotsbury, Dorset, and 73, Eccleston Square, S.W. and Mary Lisette Bagnall, younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. Bagnall, of Auckland, New Zealand, were married at St. Barnabas's, Pimlico

Lenare

Patricia Louise Badham

Is engaged to William I. T. de Courcy Wheeler, Gordon Highlanders, son of Surgeon Rear-Admiral Sir William and Hon. Lady de Courcy Wheeler, of 31, Harley House, N.W.1, and nephew of Lord Craigmyle. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Badham, of Hassocks, Sussex

Bassano

Pixie Peasè

Is the only daughter of Sir Richard Pease, Bt., and Lady Pease, of Prior House, Richmond, Yorks. She is engaged to Flying-Officer Patrick Claude Hannay, A.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hannay, of Villa Solidor, Dinard, France

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Treffry — Molison

Captain John Esco Treffry, elder son of Colonel and Mrs. Treffry, of Place, Fowey, Cornwall, and Yvonne Leila Molison, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Molison, of 33, Mulberry Close, S.W.3, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Bradbury — Stammers

The Hon. Paul Bradbury, younger son of Lord and Lady Bradbury, of Wingham, Claygate, Surrey, and Margaret Stammers, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stammers, of Blackthorn, Purley, Surrey, were married at Purley Congregational Church

Meyrick — Miller

Gurney — Boughey

Captain Richard Quintin Gurney, City of London Yeomanry, eldest son of Major and Mrs. Quintin E. Gurney, of Bawdeswell Hall, Norfolk, and Elisabeth Margaret Boughey, elder daughter of the Rev. P. F. and Mrs. Boughey, of Soham Vicarage, Cambridgeshire, were married at Chelsea Old Church

George Meyrick, 9th Lancers, son of Sir George Meyrick, Bt., and Lady Meyrick, of Hinton Admiral, Hants., and Ann Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Miller, of 42, Lowndes Square, S.W.1., were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Stree

Catherine Bell

Mrs. Fergus Ling

Sheelah Phyllis Sarel, twin daughter of Major W. G. M. Sarel, Royal Berks Golf Club, and Mrs. Sarel, of 58, Evelyn Gardens, S.W.7, was married (at Holy Trinity, Brompton) to Captain Fergus A. H. Ling, Queen's Royal Regiment, son of the late T. R. Ling, and Mrs. Ling, of 98, Sydney Place, Bath

Lenare

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Jameson

Thomas Sidney Jameson and Katherine Isabel Biddulph were married in February. He is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Jameson, of Doran Court, Redhill, Surrey. She is the only child of the late Major A. L. N. Biddulph, and Mrs. H. Horne-Baxter, of Biddulph Old Hall, Staffordshire

Pearl Freeman

Mrs. John Tutton

Diana Cicely Godfrey-Faussett-Osborne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey-Faussett-Osborne, of Queendown Warren, Sittingbourne, Kent, was married recently to Capt. John T. S. Tutton, R.E., son of the late Dr. A. E. H. Tutton, and Mrs. Tutton, of Yew Arch, Dallington, Sussex

Kaulback — Howard

Ronald Kaulback, elder son of the late Colonel H. A. Kaulback, and Mrs. Kaulback, of 81, Coleherne Court, S.W.5, and Audrey Elizabeth Howard, third daughter of Major Henry Howard, of Corton Cottage, Cortington, Wilts., and Mrs. M. Howard, of Little Tangley, Wonersh, Surrey, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Lee — Drake-Brockman

Lt. Arthur Michael Lee, R.N.V.R., and Valerie Drake-Brockman were married at St. Luke's, Milland, Sussex. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Lee, of Lake House, Petersfield, Hants. She is the daughter of Major W. Drake-Brockman and Mrs. Margaret Drake-Brockman, of Tullecombe, Rogate, Sussex

Sagar — Ainslie

Flight-Lieutenant Laurence H. Sagar, R.A.F.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sagar, of Lower Hey, Rishworth, Yorks., and Lilian Ainslie, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Ainslie, of Elvinston, Macmerry, East Lothian, were married at St. Mary's, Haddington

Walker — Deane

Lieut. Ralph K. L. Walker, R.N.V.R., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Walker, of Knill Court, Herefordshire, and Katherine Deane, daughter of Lieut. Richard Deane, R.N.V.R., and Mrs. Deane, of British Columbia, were married at St. Peter's, Titchfield, Hants.

Vinycomb — Robertson

William Anthony Vinycomb, Royal Engineers, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Vinycomb, of 139, Shooters Hill, S.E., and Bridget C. L. Robertson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart Robertson, of 16, Madrid Road, Barnes, were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

(Concluded on page 31)

Sanity Fare

By Douglas Reed

The Author of "Insanity Fair" Covers the War Fronts

Tarara Bomb Deay

WHAT is the difference between Scapa Flow and Island Sylt? This is an exercise for political beginners, not a conundrum. It is that Scapa Flow probably had something worth bombing. I know Sylt: a bomb's chances of hitting anything but a sand-dune are about 100,000 to 1 against. I doubt whether an R.A.F. commander, uncounselled, would place much value on bombing Sylt.

The Whip's Hand

COINCIDENCE is always kind to the Tory Party, and the news of the Sylt raid arrived, providentially, just in time for Mr. Chamberlain, with it, to trump a dangerous-looking debate about Finland and Scapa. "The raid is still in progress . . ."! (Loud cheers.) Press columns about "The R.A.F.'s revenge." Placards all over England. "That 'll show 'em," proudly said my neighbour-in-the-train.

And, two days later (from our Parliamentary correspondent): "Captain Margesson, our Chief Whip, now takes the view that, since Mr. Chamberlain's Parliamentary triumph over the debate on Finland, no Ministerial changes need be made at present."

This incident sets a procession of political ghosts passing before my mind's eye. The Zinovieff letter; the Government-to-keep-us-on-the-Gold-Standard; the election-to-save-Abyssinia; the glorious-news-from-Munich that providentially turned another critical debate.

Has all this astuteness availed us? The political gullibility of this country is endless. But if the Opposition, or the electorate, and not Germany, is the enemy, and if our war aim is to win debates, not to win the war, we might lose the war one day. A little more cleverness on the war and diplomatic Fronts, a little less on the Home Front, perhaps . . .

Voice from the Front

I HAVE had an extremely able and stimulating letter from a young pilot-officer in France, inspired by recent references of mine to the theory that "defence is the best form of attack" in this war. He—and I gather he expresses an average R.A.F. view—is much worried lest Captain Liddell Hart's writing on this subject should be elevated to the status of accepted doctrine. He says that what Captain Liddell Hart did was simply to rediscover a military truth that is at least 2000 years old—that a *frontal* attack on a strongly-fortified enemy, of the Somme and Paschendaele type, is madness. He says there has never been the slightest danger of anybody doing it in this war, so why preach against it? On the other hand, he greatly fears complete abstention from offensive strategy, is not convinced that "time is on our side," and says that if the Censor would allow he could certainly suggest ways and means of smiting the enemy without putting our chin out for him to hit.

To Bomb, or Not . . .

So could I, and I agree with every word he says. I never read anything that showed so complete a grasp of the war situation as this young officer's letter, and I hope those in high places know as much about the war as he does. I thoroughly agreed with the Liddell Hart theory, but only in respect of the frontal attack. I did not feel that this was so wildly improbable as my correspondent suggests, and for that reason shouted as loudly as I could against it. After all, Munich was in politics just what the Somme and Paschendaele were in war, and about ninety per cent. of my countrypeople for the first six months or so of the war seemed, incredible though this is, to expect that we should attack the West Wall or the Germans the Maginot Line. So there appeared reason enough to fear that we might even commit this irretrievable mistake.

Air-bombing, as I believe from my knowledge of the situation in Germany, could be much more decisive in this war than most people think, and I hope we shall not wait a moment after we have reached the necessary strength.

For example, I gather that we are worried about the quantities of oil and foodstuffs that will be coming upstream to Germany from the Balkans when the Danube ice melts and the subsequent high water falls. One bomb on the Danube bridge at Bratislava, or the Reichsbrücke at Vienna, would block the Danube for long to come. Just an idea.

While the West Wall is probably almost impregnable, Providence has placed just behind it the biggest and most congested arsenal and munitions centre in the world—the Ruhr. Not so very far away is the Leuna works of the German Dye Trust, another vast armaments-hive.

The Germans have bombed enough defenceless trawlers for the humanitarian argument to be farcical. They call their bombs "eggs," or "*eier*." An *ei* for an *ei*, says I.

A Favourite Falls

A DIGRESSION. Hitler has achieved something not less spectacular than his territorial coups—Mme. Lupescu's departure from Rumania. She was more detested there than Louise de Kerouaille in England and Lola Montez in Bavaria; as in their cases, the public mind regarded her as the agent of alien, anti-patriotic interests. Yet nothing could part King Carol from her—neither his Royal mother nor the politicians who restored him on the understanding that Mme. Lupescu should stay away, nor the Iron Guard, which saw in her the symbol of all Rumania's troubles.

A secondary success for Hitler's Rumanian sympathisers is the imprisonment, on fraud charges, of the armaments Crœsus Max Ausschnitt, who was as unpopular as she.

Siege of Rumania

As I write, Rumania is still the key to the war situation. Hitler is using the Munich method again—the threat of force. He does not want to *use* force; that might bring about the very thing Germany fears most. Namely, if Rumania resisted, and if Turkey gave right-of-way to the Allied Near Eastern armies, a new front would open. Hitler, his other fronts now sealed by the West Wall, by the submission of Scandinavia, and by his pact with Bolshevy, wants, by the bloodless subjugation of Rumania, à la Munich, to close this last gap through which the Allies might strike. Then he would sit tight behind the West Wall, consolidate his conquests, snap his fingers, wait for the Allies to move.

If Hitler succeeds in Rumania, in sealing that last gap, we shall need, to *win* the war, a great genius. None is in sight; but then, the hold on power of the elderly gentlemen whose political battle honours now include the gold standard, Abyssinia, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Albania, Poland, Finland, the League of Nations and collective security, is so complete that no man can tell what talent might be lying hidden.

Nerves

BY the way, can anybody tell me why people will talk of "the war of nerves"? This seems to me one of those curious, half-complacent, half-self-congratulatory, and wholly meaningless phrases which are so popular in this country. In what way are we performing prodigies of nervous valour? It seems to me, as yet, a war of non-exertion; we are still but half-awake. Recent events have shown that we are still not free from the sins of omission which brought us the war; as to sins of commission, well, some of the new Ministries are not free from those, as I hear.

The Truth About the Ark Royal

Captain A. J. Power, commander of the Ark Royal, last week gave newspapermen the story of the ship so often sunk by Goebbels. Here they are looking at Press cuttings from the "Völkischer Beobachter," which published a horrific drawing of the Ark Royal being blown up by German bombers and an account by Sergeant Francke, who was promoted to Lieutenant and decorated with two Iron Crosses by Goering for doing the deed. The facts were that three Dorniers (one of which was brought down and the other two damaged) swooped on the aircraft-carrier. One bomb came near enough to splash her and break a little crockery. On another occasion, a U-boat fired two torpedoes at the Ark Royal. Both missed, and an attendant destroyer sank the submarine

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PATRONISED BY ROYALTY

The fine lines of the new 1940 Humber Snipe saloon are well displayed in the above photograph. A spacious luggage boot is totally enclosed at the back.

The Mayoress of Kensington, Mrs. R. C. D. Jenkins, Mr. W. E. Rootes and the Marchioness of Cambridge were examining some of the gifts to the Royal Army Service Corps Comforts Fund at its Kensington Barracks Depot. The Marchioness of Cambridge is a vice-president of the Fund, and Mr. Rootes, President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, whose recent appeal to the motor and road industries has already produced nearly £3000 for the combined comforts funds of the R.A.S.C. and the R.A.O.C., was showing her round

Motoring Commentary

By "Spare Wheel"

A Road Under the Channel?

THE Government has taken up a strange attitude about road transport, preferring to put all its movable eggs, so to speak, in the railway basket and ignoring both the latter's great vulnerability to air attack and its lack of elasticity under stress (as shown by the inability to double the coal supplies without cutting down passenger trains). However, out of the terribly long lists of road projects cancelled or deferred for the duration, one or two schemes of prime importance have been rescued.

One of them was the Winchester by-pass, started seven years ago, nearing completion in September and triumphantly opened to traffic about Christmas. The fate of another, long in doubt, has just been decided. Western Avenue is to be completed as rapidly as may be, which, the Middlesex County Engineer tells me, is a matter of eighteen months' work, all being well. It is twenty-seven years since the idea of the Western Avenue was proposed and approved by an arterial roads committee. Now to its twelve miles, there is only another mile to be built to complete it past Uxbridge to Denham, but that mile necessitates a 1300-yard viaduct across the valley of the River Colne.

A far more ambitious project has actually been launched since the war began, and though it has not the slightest chance of being carried out or even started until peace comes, it is interesting to contemplate. This is nothing less than a motor road under the Channel from Folkestone to Cap Gris Nez. Its sponsors are a group of French engineers, and their plans were set out at length in a French engineering journal last October.

Their road would be carried in two parallel tunnels, each eight metres (25 ft.) in diameter, and there would also be a small-diameter tunnel for an electrically-driven postal train. Each tunnel would accommodate a carriage road as well as conduits for light and power, drainage, signalling and ventilation. They would slope slightly downwards from the centre beneath the Channel towards the two coasts, so as to allow for flooding at either end as a military precaution, without damage to the tunnels as a whole.

A large circus at each end is designed for the control of tolls, passports and Customs. The tunnels would accommodate traffic up to 400 vehicles an hour, but the ventilation would be arranged to ration the fresh air pumped in according to the number of vehicles passing, photo-electric cells counting the passing cars and automatically governing the air vents accordingly. Temperature is a problem. The natural temperature, it is believed, would be a uniform 44·6 deg.

(Concluded on page 32)

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Balls and a Bunker

COTTON'S £6000 is grand news. Now let the women see what they can do for the *Daily Sketch* Fund. April 25th at Royal Mid-Surrey; May 21st at Birkdale are the big dates, preceded by club competitions. Therefore, ask your club, or write to Miss Betty Debenham, 10, Holborn House, Baldwin's Gardens, E.C.1.

Gutty v. Rubber Core has been a battle-cry for many years, and has never served a nobler end than at Sandy Lodge when Cotton and Havers with a gutty halved, after a desperate struggle, with Braid and Herd using the rubber core. The £200 of the day brought Cotton's contribution to the Red Cross up into the six thousand pound area, a truly magnificent effort of which he has every reason to be proud. Perhaps it may prove the swan song of these Gutty v. Rubber-Core contests, because, if one thing emerged from the match above most others it was that the gutty had only a very slight resemblance to the inanimate lumps on which Braid and Herd and even my humble self cut our golfing teeth. Retrogression is never wholly satisfactory. We think we are taking a step back into the past, but the accuracy of our stage properties is doubtful, and we are far better employed looking forward—if possible. If after the war we cannot afford such perfection of clubs and balls as is a commonplace now, we must just make the best of them, thankful to have an England left to hit the ball in, and learning no end of good new shots just because the fairways are less like the turf of an Oxford quad. and more like the old rough links on which golf was first played. In the end we shall be the better golfers for a little adversity in this matter of lies.

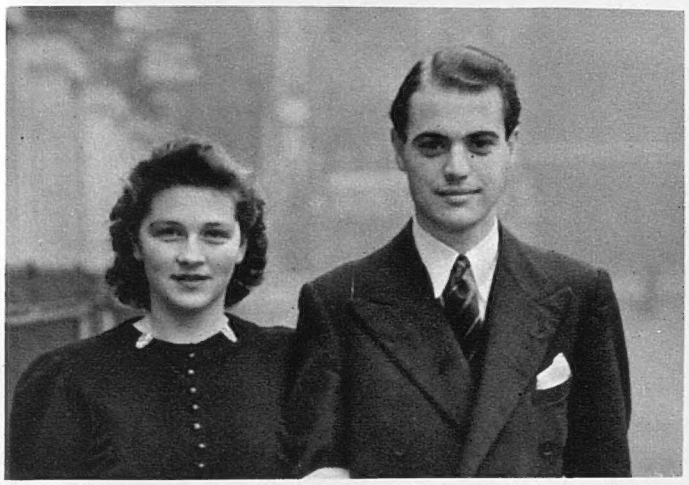
Really, looking back to my own first sensations on hitting a rubber core, the ease of getting the ball into the air, particularly out of a cuppy lie, is what has stayed by me, far more than any additional length. Various things may have contributed to that feeling. I was still young enough to experience a good deal of satisfaction at seeing the ball soar against the bright blue sky; the private course on which I had my first shots with one of the old Haskells was liberally bunkered with cross hurdles, the solid kind made of wattles which nowadays are used for sheep folds more than golf courses. Believe me, they were a very effective hazard, teaching you more about the elevation or trajectory or any other high-falutin term you like than any amount of theory. The lies were not of the best; hence a ball which rose crisply and sweetly off the club was more to be desired than gold. Gold, yes; of course, we did have golden sovereigns in those days, but since mighty few of them came the way of our youthful exchequer, those balls were precious as rubies. "Look here," I seem to remember, said the keeper of our privy purse: "I don't think you 'd better try driving with it: it 'd be too awful if we lost it. Just try some mashie shots." Which, of course, now I come to think of it, explains why my first recollections of the rubber core are of its resiliency rather than its length.

IT is very pleasant in these spring days to set foot upon a golf course again, even if without intent to play. But it may be a sad revelation of deterioration. We are often told that war has a demoralising effect on the individual, and I am sadly bound to admit that this has proved true in my own case. A year ago would it not have been outside the range of possibility that I, golf editor of the BYSTANDER, should be so irreverent as to step into a bunker for any other reason than to play a shot out of it? But now, what? The sun was hot; the wind was cold; my convalescent legs were weak; there was a beautiful sandy bunker, with a high bank to keep off the raging wind; that part of the course was empty. My companion tempted me, it is true, with "this would be a perfect place to sit and bask, and nobody would mind if you told them who you were," but she was a non-golfer, and my reply of "that would only make it worse," proves that I sinned with my eyes open. We did sit there in that bunker, and remarkably pleasant it was; we did scrape over every footmark, and left the bunker in that direction which would suggest a well-played shot towards the green. But it has haunted me a little ever since. If any Littlehampton member should read these words, may they be taken as a full and free confession, and may I add a word of admiration for the excellent order in which the course appeared to be. Not only the greens, and those lovely seaside fairways, but the bunker itself had been beautifully raked. I had no business in it.

Getting Married *(Continued from page 27)*

Mhari Gourlay and George Brodrick

George Brodrick, Irish Guards, is the son of the late G. J. Gould, and Viscountess Dunsford, of Eastwell Park, Ashford, Kent. His fiancée, Mhari Gourlay, is the only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. F. Page Gourlay, of 54, Tedworth Square, S.W.3



Tatiana Price and Niall MacManus

Niall MacManus, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Desmond MacManus, of 53, Chester Square, S.W.1, and Killcaden House, Kiltimagh, Co. Mayo, is engaged to Tatiana Price, only daughter of Phillips Price, M.P. for the Forest of Dean Division of Gloucestershire, and Mrs. Price, of the Grove, Taynton, Glos., and 3, Mount Row, W.1

Barratt — Hore-Ruthven

John Legh Barratt, the Royal Norfolk Regiment, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Legh Barratt, of Northolt, Sheringham, and Elyned Hore-Ruthven, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Hore-Ruthven, of Old Gwernyfed, Breconshire, and Bracondale Woods, Norwich, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

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Counter-Irritant *(Cont. from page 22)*

sort of prettiness. Her dress was beige and her hair blended with it; her skin was a slightly fairer shade. She looked up and smiled at them slowly and deliberately. "So happy to meet you, I must say," she said. "You 're just in time. Amos 'n' Andy."

She spoke in a whisper.

"Oh," Bess Milliken said. "Are they——? But of course!"

She felt that she should add words of greeting, but Grace Gibson had turned back to the radio and was listening intently to it. Don sat with his back to the light, looking at his wife. "He 's mad about her," Grace Milliken thought. "He can't tear his eyes away from her."

There were dozens of potted plants in the room—rose begonias, ivies, sansevieria, all thriving. In front of one window was a terrarium, and in front of the other was a miniature Japanese garden. The feminine touch on everything was so apparent that the room looked almost indecent. Too many small pillows lay heaped on the couch and the windows were covered with glass curtains, fringed shades, rose-coloured draperies, and tie-backs. A small, fragile ash-tray sat on each table, surrounded by decorated boxes, china animals, and intricate cigarette-lighters.

When the programme was finished Grace Gibson turned it off with a sigh. "I can't see how they can go on every night that way," she said. "For years. Wonderful, isn't it?"

Both Bess and Bob looked uneasily at Don, but he was busy with bottles and glasses. "What will it be?" he asked jovially.

"Oh, anything," Bess told him. "Anything at all. You make heavenly dry Martinis."

"A dry Martini would be swell," Bob said.

Grace Gibson's face had an arch expression. "Under the circumstances, I think I should ask for an orange-blossom."

"You said that last night," Don told her.

"So I did," she agreed. She got up and went into the kitchen, returning with a bowl of pink potato-chips and some cocktail sausages spiked with coloured toothpicks.

"You don't have to eat those things if you don't want to," Don announced.

"But they 're so lovely-looking," his wife said. "And if eyes were made for seeing, then beauty is its own excuse for being."

Don groaned like an animal in torture. "Drink up," he said, passing the glasses around.

"You surprised us," Bess said amiably. "Getting married and being all nicely set up in your new home before we even knew a thing." She looked around for an ash-tray on the table by her side and found one in the shape of a sea-shell.

"I haven't got over it myself," Grace Gibson told her. "Imagine my being Mrs. Gibson!"

"You imagine it," Don answered fiercely. A familiar gleam shone in his eyes, and Bess Milliken moved uneasily in her chair. She looked anxiously at Grace, but she was smiling and sipping her drink.

"It was like a story in a book," she said. "Meeting on a boat and everything. We had a frightful quarrel the very first night we met. But I told Don afterwards that a bad beginning was often the sign of a good ending."

"Oh, it will be, I 'm sure," Bess agreed nervously.

"What 's the matter with dinner?" Don asked. "I 'm ready to eat. How about you, Bob?"

"Don is *too* funny," Grace Gibson told them fondly. "He 's lived alone for so many years that he hasn't the faintest idea about a *home*. A home is not a hotel. He just wants to eat his cake and have it too."

A subdued maid appeared in the doorway and announced that dinner was served, and they went into the dining-room.

Bess Milliken thought she had never seen so many things on a table. There were silver candlesticks wired for electricity, topped by silk-and-lace pink shades, a silver bowl held small sweetheart roses and baby's breath, individual dishes were filled with salted almonds and mints, and the napkins were folded to represent birds in flight.

The fruit cup was topped by a green cherry and a red cherry and was made of canned fruit. Don, dipping his spoon into it, made a grimace of disgust. "Like a damned tea-room," he said.

"Tastes good to me," Bob Milliken told him gallantly.

"Delicious," Bess said.

"Don 's like a naughty little boy at times," Grace explained. "I personally like things dainty. If they *look* pretty, they taste good, I always say."

She smiled faintly. In the soft glow from the lamps she looked more indeterminate than ever, and Bess Milliken wondered at her. "She is like a blotter," she thought.

SHE was puzzled by Don. He never took his eyes away from his wife, as though something in that small figure fascinated him. Yet his voice was harsh and irritated when he spoke to her and surprisingly calm and cheerful when he addressed Bob or herself. Even the small annoyances of the meal brought almost no comment from him. To be sure, he merely toyed with the vapid, lukewarm soup and his grey, dry slice of roast lamb; his attention seemed to be focussed on his wife. As she went on talking endlessly in a tiresome monotone, he scowled, but there was a baffled admiration in his eyes.

"Say, I 'll tell you what," he interrupted. "What say we all go to the theatre some night next week? Have dinner out and then go on to a show?"

"Oh, that would be *nice*!" Grace exclaimed.

"We can eat at Henri's," he said, his face happy in anticipation.

Bess Milliken, remembering past scenes in Henri's, was doubtful. "Maybe we might try a new place," she said. She thought of the last time they had eaten there with Don, when the waiter had spilled some coffee on his salad.

"What 's the matter with Henri's?" Don demanded. "It 's a great place. Swell food. And what say we get the MacIntyres and the Brents and make a night of it? Throw sort of a party. How about it?"

Bess Milliken began to crumble the inside of her roll nervously into small balls; then, catching Bob's eye, she hastily put her hands in her lap. "Don must be mad," she thought. "Mary Brent drives him insane the way she laughs."

"All right," she agreed doubtfully.

"It won't matter where we eat, I 'm sure," Grace said. "I always say when you 're with *friends*, you 're bound to have a nice time. It 's not the place; it 's the company."

For a moment Don's face clouded over and he stared at his wife with a wild look in his eyes. Then they cleared in an expression of relief. And Bess Milliken understood. She knew that in Grace he had segregated the thousands of small annoyances that had stung him like flies from every direction all his life. She held all the demons that prodded him. Everything she said and everything she did was so completely irritating that nothing in the world mattered by comparison. It was as though he had found the very source from which flowed the things that irked him. And having found it, he must keep it near him, under his eyes, where he could watch it and make sure it didn't gush too freely, so that he at last could go out into the world among his friends free to enjoy himself.

Bob Milliken looked at his wife. "Not the place, it 's the company," he repeated. "That 's one for the book. Eh, Bess?"

Don smiled. "You said it," he answered.

THE END.

Motoring Commentary

(Continued from page 30)

Fahrenheit. This would be all right in winter, but too glacial in summer, when artificial heat by means of electric panels would be provided.

Since Mr. Chamberlain stated in Parliament at the beginning of February that the Government were still against the idea of a Channel Tunnel as they were ten years ago and that they were not willing to reopen the question with the French Government, the road project has no better chance than the rail proposal. But unless the heavens fall, it will be revived after the war. Twenty-one miles of something very like the Mersey Tunnel would be pretty monotonous, but it would provide the missing link in the Grand European Trunk Road from John o' Groats to Istanbul. If there is a civilised Europe again in our generation we shall want that road.

Still Road-Making

GENERALLY the effect of the war is to hold up road-building, but it seems likely to stimulate the progress of a great American road plan, that which they call the International Pacific Highway.

The United States would like to see this highway extended northwards to form a link with its outlying northern territory, Alaska, but Canada, while sympathetic to the plan, since it would help to open up rich undeveloped lands of her own, had hitherto been concentrating her road-making energies on the completion of the Trans-Canada Highway. As a result of being involved in the European War—"one of the war's few benefits," an American paper describes it—the Canadian and British Columbian authorities have changed their minds, and the driving of a road through the British Columbian wilderness to link Alaska and the Yukon with Vancouver and Seattle is, it is said, being seriously considered. The United States would apparently co-operate eagerly.

This road to Alaska, if built, would be a section of one of the American pet schemes, a 3000-miles "Pan-American" highway traversing the continent from north to south, from Alaska to the Panama Canal. Meanwhile, they are planning some tremendous roads, putting the German autobahnen completely in the shade. One of these, now nearing completion and to be opened at the end of July of this year, is the Pennsylvania Turnpike, from Pittsburg to Harrisburg, 160 miles long, 200 ft. wide, with four 12-ft. traffic lanes, separated by 10-ft. strips.

It is interesting, by the way, that the States are going in considerably now for the toll road and toll bridge, which we have been fighting to eradicate. The cost of this Pennsylvania road, put at nearly £8,000,000, is to be recovered from the tolls charged—a dollar for a car and from four to ten dollars for commercial vehicles. Maybe we shall have to adopt this method of financing the great new roads needed after the war.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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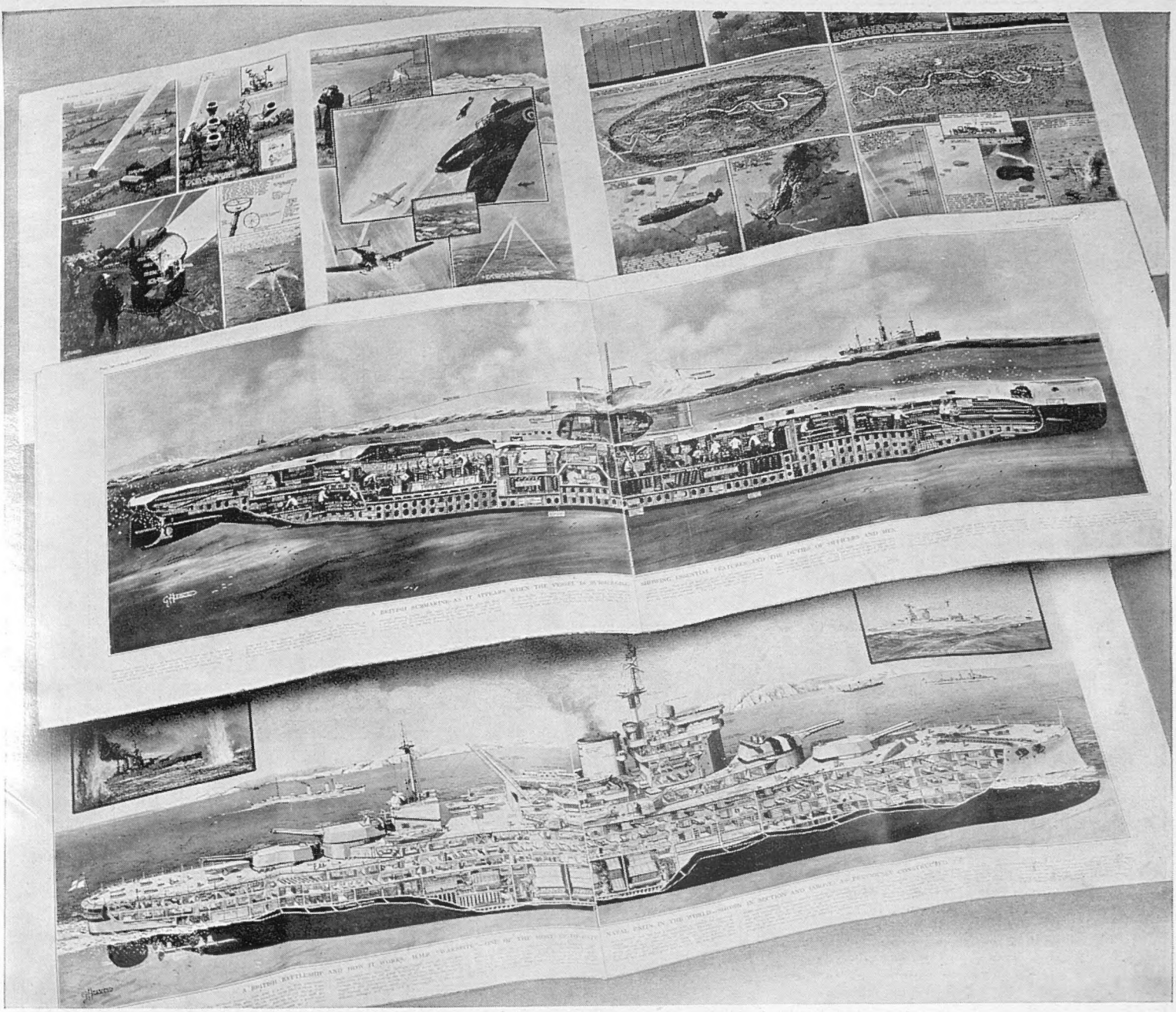

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Hockey — Folkestone Festival.
Hunting — A day with the Old Berkeley Foxhounds.
Ice Hockey — London's only women's team.
Racing — "Rapier" on the opening of the Flat season.
Rowing — Reading University Head of the River race.
Wrestling — English Catch-as-Catch-Can Championships.
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